

Big Price for a Broken Heart.
Not long since a Danville, Ill., jury ordered the male defendant in a breach of promise case to pay the competent sum of \$54,333.33 to the afflicted fair one. Though it is a pretty high estimate of blighted affection, there is another estimate which, if not in dollars and cents exactly as high, yet in general consideration of excellence reaches as lofty an altitude. This is the estimate of the people as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy for constipation. The action of this gentle but effective laxative is never accompanied by the griping so marked in the operation of most cathartics. It is an incomparable remedy for and preventive of malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and a promoter of appetite and sleep.

Not apt Enough.
Mr. Middleleaf—The professor says my daughter sings like a nightingale.
Mr. Topf—Well, the professor is wrong. The nightingale sometimes rests.
—Chicago News.

Pain Not Never So.
She—I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived.
He—I don't blame you. Life for a girl of your lively disposition, bewould intolerable dull with him.
Then he resumed where she had interrupted him and inside of three minutes she sweetly murmured "Yes."
—Chicago News.

MAGICALLY EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR WEAK MEN OF ALL AGES

FREE TO ALL MEN

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Wonderful appliances and scientific remedies sent on trial to any reliable man. A world-wide reputation back of this offer. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Full strength, development and tone given to every portion of the body. Failure impossible. No barrier.

No. 6, O. D. scheme.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., 612 N. W. ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Power.
Johnny—Papa is mamma the better half of you?
Father—Yes, my son, that's the way they put it.
Johnny—And are all wives the better half of their husbands?
Father—Certainly, my son.
Johnny—Then what part of King Solomon were his wives.—Brooklyn Life.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Always Proves Effective.
There are no better medicines on the market than Chamberlain's. We have used the Cough Remedy when all others failed, and in every instance it proved effective. Almost daily we hear the virtues of Chamberlain's remedies extolled by those who have used them. This is not an empty puff, paid for as much a line, but is voluntarily given in good faith, in the hope that suffering humanity may try these remedies and, like the writer, be benefited.—From the Glenview (W. Va.) Pathfinder. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Our Credit System.
Bookkeeper—This man has always paid cash and now wants to open an account. Shall I accommodate him?
Manager—Certainly not.
Bookkeeper—And this man has had an account and pays cash.
Manager—Never trust him again.—Brooklyn Life.

Took a Severe Cold After the Big Fire.
After the big fire in Cripple Creek, I took a very severe cold and tried many remedies without help; the cold only becoming more settled. After using three small bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, both the cold and cough left me, and in this high altitude it takes a meritorious cough remedy to do any good.—G. B. HENDERSON, Editor Daily Advertiser, Cripple Creek, Colo. Sold by A. C. Ireland.

The boy the Father of the Man.
Boslow—How do you like married life?
Hoblow—Oh, it makes me feel like a boy again.
Boslow—How so?
Hoblow—Because I have to saw wood, lug up coal, run errands, and listen to a course of daily lectures of my shortcomings.—Roxburg Gazette.

Frank Sherwood was down town today, the first time since he had his tussle with cholera morbus. He says he drove 30 miles after he was taken, and never came so near dying in his life. After this when he goes out in the country he will take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with him.—Missouri Valley (Iowa) Times. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Bellef.
Ledgerby—It does now seem good to see old Daybuck back at his desk after his long illness.
Bellef—You bet it does—I was afraid it was another case of 89 all around for a floral tribute.

Oboys the Usual Law.
Edwin—Nothing is so costly as sin.
Ethel—No, the demand keeps up the price.—Brooklyn Life.

In a recent letter from Washington, D. C., to an old friend, Major G. A. Studer, for 30 years United States consul at Singapore, says: "While at Des Moines I became acquainted with a lieutenant known as Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I found excellent against rheumatism as well as against soreness of the throat and chest (giving me much easier breathing). I had a touch of pneumonia early this week, and two applications freely applied to the throat and chest relieved me of it at once. I would not be without it for anything." For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Dr. Gunn's Kidney Pills

For People That Are Sick or Feel Well.

Remedy for all kidney troubles, such as Gravel, Catarrh, Stricture, etc.

Small, safe, and sure.

For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Misplaced.
Mrs. Brimby—"No, marriage is not what single persons think it is. I used to think that Brimby and I were made for one another, but we are sadly misplaced."
Mrs. Person—Why, you surprise me! Mrs. Brimby—What is too true. He tells me I talk in my sleep, and I'm sure that he often sleeps while I talk.

His cup of Happiness.
She—So you are engaged to one of the Musgrave twins. How do you distinguish him from the other?
He—I don't try to.

DAD'S OLD BREECHES.
When dad had worn his trousers out, They pass to brother John. Then mother trims them round about, And William puts them on.
When William's legs too long have grown, The trousers fall to hide 'em. So Walter claims them for his own And stows himself inside 'em.

Next Sam's fat legs they close invest, And when they won't stretch tighter, They're turned and shortened, washed and pressed, And fixed on me—the writer.

Ma works them into rags and caps When I have burst the stitches. At midnight we shall see (perhaps) The last of dad's old breeches.
—New York Weekly.

SUSPICIONS.
The train from Namur lumbered heavily into the station at Melreux and wakened into momentary life its sleepy stagnation. About half a dozen passengers alighted, among whom was a tall, bronzed Englishman. His searching glance warned into a smile of pleasure as he strode hastily toward a Belgian gentleman who rushed to greet him with outstretched arms. With a string of questions the Belgian led the way into the station yard, where an English dogcart was waiting. They got in and away they dashed in a cloud of white dust toward the little village of Durby. After half an hour's brisk run they rattled noisily through the village and drew up before a pair of massive wrought iron gates. The house lay at the farther end of a short avenue of elms, along which they drove smartly. As the Belgian alighted a clock chimed merrily.

"A quarter to 12," said he. "You will just have time to get rid of your travel stains before lunch."
"Yes, M. Barvaux, I should like to make myself rather more presentable before meeting the ladies," replied his friend, Jack Hague. In less than ten minutes he was once more spick and span, and as he went down stairs he found M. Barvaux awaiting him. As they entered the morning room in which lunch was to be served they were greeted by a couple of ladies, whom M. Barvaux introduced as his wife and her niece, Mlle. Richert.

The charming manner of his host soon made Jack perfectly at home. M. Barvaux spoke English quite fluently, and was rather proud of his accomplishment, but Jack was rather shy with his French at first, although the kind way in which the girl helped him over his difficulties enabled him to get along smoothly enough. But he found it much more pleasant to listen to talk, and when Mlle. Richert began to speak of her love for the Ardennes he instantly became all eyes and ears.

It was quite a jolly little luncheon party, but amid the pleasantness there was something which Jack could not understand. Ever and anon the girl appeared abstracted and seemed to be watching M. Barvaux with a look of deep anxiety, and once when his wife placed her arm round the girl's neck affectionately Jack thought he perceived an expression of mingled hate and fear on the face of the Belgian as he gazed under his heavy eyebrows at the girl. At first Jack put it down as merely his fancy, but further observation convinced him that there was something wrong.

The days sped by all too quickly. Fishing in the Ourthe, which ran close by, or long rambles in the woods, gathering bilberries, occupied the hours of daylight, and in the evenings Jack sat at as though under a spell while Mlle. Richert sang dainty old French love songs or extemporized dreamy melodies on the piano.

But still the jarring note which had struck Jack disturbed the pleasant harmony, and as day followed day his first suspicions were confirmed and intensified. However, he could discover no intelligible explanation of the numberless trivial incidents which, had not his attention been roused, would have entirely escaped him. All he could be certain about was that his host unmistakably manifested a strange antipathy toward his niece. This, however, did not prevent Jack and the girl from becoming close friends, and it seemed, at least to M. Barvaux, that their friendship was rapidly ripening into a much stronger feeling. Jack felt that his host was displeased at the turn of affairs, and he was therefore not very much surprised when M. Barvaux, seizing a suitable opportunity, asked him point blank what were his feelings toward the young lady. He replied with perfect frankness that he was over head and ears in love with her.

"Ah, my friend," replied M. Barvaux, "I am very sorry for you. I should have warned you earlier." Sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper he continued, "She is a murderess."
Jack stared at him in amazement. Had he suddenly taken leave of his senses? No, he seemed perfectly rational, although very agitated. In an excited voice he went on to describe how the girl was trying to poison him. Jack came to the conclusion that his friend was the victim of a hallucination and resolved to laugh him off.

"But she is so devoted to your wife," said he.
"Yes, and that is why I dare not speak. My wife thinks Angeline is an angel, and I am afraid to say anything."
On the next evening, the last one of Jack's stay, he was sitting in an easy chair among the window curtains when suddenly he heard the soft sweep of a woman's dress in the room. He turned and saw a figure in white.

"Angeline!" he was on his feet, and he was about to spring to his feet when he saw something which turned him to stone. She was standing at the sideboard with a thick green glass vial, the contents of which was pouring into the decanter of wine specially reserved for M. Barvaux.

His host's suspicions were, then, correct. He, the horror of it! The girl he had loved a poisoner! He could scarcely believe his eyes, but when M. Barvaux, looking forward, "I can help being a little afraid of the dark," remarked the little fair, spoiled child.
"That is very silly," replied his father. "You will outgrow it when you are older and more sensible."
"Of course. It won't be so very long before I'm big, and then I'll be like you and mother, and not be afraid of anything except spilling milk and seeing the new moon over my left shoulder."

vaux had told him doubt seemed no longer possible. The girl left the room as quietly as she had entered, closing the door as though afraid of being heard. Jack rushed to the sideboard. He unstopped the decanter. Yes, there was certainly a strange smell, which was not that of wine. What should he do—call Angeline and accuse her on the spot? He could not. Should he tell his host? Should he pour away the poisoned wine? Should he—But before he could make up his mind M. Barvaux, looking rather pale and disturbed, walked in from the garden, and as he did so his wife and Angeline entered the room, and dinner was served. The girl was dressed in white, and a couple of glorious red roses gleamed in her black hair. Never before had she seemed so beautiful to Jack. He asked himself if it were possible that so divine a creature could nurse thoughts of murder in her soul. But he could not forget what he had just witnessed, and he resolved to be on his guard and prevent M. Barvaux drinking the wine.

Supposing, after all, he were to be loved, how could he face the girl he loved after accusing her of such a foul and unnatural deed? He was too agitated to eat, and he observed that both M. Barvaux and Angeline seemed also preoccupied and ill at ease. At length he managed to make his host understand that he was not to touch the wine. The Belgian smiled with an almost sarcastic expression and eyed Angeline curiously. Presently he raised the decanter and leaned over the table, looking at her the while with his deep-set black eyes.

"Allow me, Angeline," he said, "to pour you out a glass of wine."
"No—no thank you," stammered the girl in an agitated manner.
"Come—I insist. I will take no refusal," he cried, springing to his feet and filling her glass. The girl turned pale as death and seemed to lose her power of self will. Half mechanically she took the glass of wine and raised it to her lips. She emptied it at one gulp, and then sank back in her chair, where she lay still and white. With a cry of terror Mlle. Barvaux rushed to her assistance, but her husband commanded her not to touch the girl. Jack was on his feet in an instant, but was too bewildered to know how to act. With a sickening sense of the confirmation of his worst suspicions he concluded that the girl was poisoned, and off he rushed for the doctor. By good fortune he ran across the very person he was seeking. In a few words he told him his errand and implored him to return with him at all haste.

"It is a matter of life and death," he cried. "Let us run."
"Certainly, if you wish it," replied the doctor, "although I may tell you matters are not so serious as you imagine."
"But—"
"Permit me to explain, monsieur. The young lady is not poisoned at all, as you will see. The wine she drank was intended for M. Barvaux, was it not?"

"Yes, I believe so."
"Well, you must know that he is subject to periodical fits of homicidal madness, and when these attacks are coming on it becomes necessary to administer powerful opiates to him without his knowledge. The paroxysm passed, he is once more the calm and cultured gentleman you know, but at times he is very dangerous, and but for my treatment it would probably become necessary to put him under restraint. I was just about to pay my customary visit tonight when you met me, for I was expecting an outbreak."

Jack was relieved beyond measure on hearing the doctor's story, but the thought that he had left the girl he loved with a man subject to homicidal madness moderated his feelings of satisfaction, and, anxious to get back to assure himself of her safety, he tore away from the doctor, for he felt that, if an attack suddenly manifested itself in M. Barvaux, Angeline, as being the person who had raised his suspicions, would probably be the first victim of his mad rage.

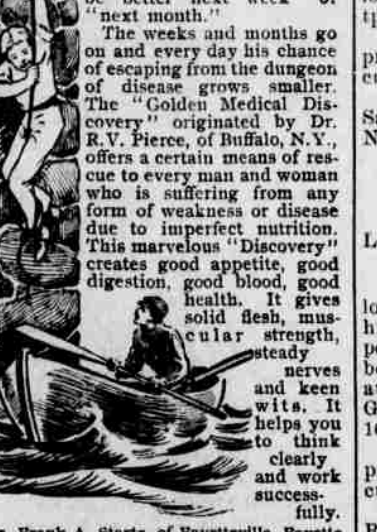
Indeed he arrived none too soon. Mme. Barvaux was crouching in an agony of terror at the feet of the unconscious girl, while her husband was standing over them gesticulating wildly. Jack speedily overpowered him, and a few minutes afterward the doctor arrived, whose soothing effect on the unfortunate gentleman. Under the doctor's care Angeline soon recovered, but both she and Mme. Barvaux were very much upset and were glad when Jack decided to stay a few days longer. They were days of infinite happiness for both him and Angeline, and when at length his stay came to its end the Brussels express bore away a reluctant but very happy man, to whose ears the rhythmic rumble of the wheels seemed to say, "Angeline, Angeline, Angeline!"—London Sun.

A Minister's Invention.
The Very Rev. Dean H. Martyn Hart of St. John's cathedral, Denver, is said to have perfected an invention which is calculated to revolutionize the rubber trade. Napier Ford discovered a method of oxidizing oils, and when he died in London two years ago he handed his invention to Charles Griest, who turned it over to Dean Hart. The dean, who is an expert chemist, worked on it for months, and finally made it valuable commercially. The business end of the process was turned over to Dr. John Gower, who went to London and organized a company for its manufacture. The new substance is called peroxid. It will cost only about 5 or 6 cents a pound. Dean Hart will go to Washington to see about the patent.—Exchange.

A Paradox.
"Her entire fortune was spent educating her."
"Yes."
"Yes, she cost so much that she was finally worth nothing, you see."
—Woolf Journal.

Looking Forward.
"I can help being a little afraid of the dark," remarked the little fair, spoiled child.
"That is very silly," replied his father. "You will outgrow it when you are older and more sensible."
"Of course. It won't be so very long before I'm big, and then I'll be like you and mother, and not be afraid of anything except spilling milk and seeing the new moon over my left shoulder."

The Escape.
When a man has a chance to escape from prison he doesn't stop to argue about it; he breaks out as quickly as he can. It is known that every moment's delay may lessen his chances of escape; but when a man is sick and too often postpones his opportunity of getting well and says: "O, perhaps I'll be better next week" or "next month."
The weeks and months go on and every day his chance of escaping from the dungeon grows smaller. The "Golden Medical Discovery" originated by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., offers a certain means of rescue to every man and woman who is suffering from any form of weakness or disease due to imperfect nutrition. This marvelous "Discovery" creates good appetite, good digestion, good blood, good nerves, and gives solid strength, muscular strength, steady nerves, and keen wits. It helps you to think clearly and work successfully.



Mr. Frank A. Startz, of Fayetteville, Fayette Co., Texas, writes in a letter to Dr. Pierce: "It affords me pleasure to testify to the remarkable curative power of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I was severely afflicted with trouble in my digestive system, and was so weak I was unable to continue my work. I tried several remedies which gave me no relief, and I had commenced to think there was no hope for me. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me so I tried it and began to improve once, and was soon able to resume work. I consider it a wonderful medicine."
Every man who wants to save doctor's bills should send 21 one-cent stamps, the cost of mailing only, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a copy of his 100-page illustrated book, "Common Sense Medical Adviser," in paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy.

Hopeful Wasn't There.
As we reached the top of a long hill the driver looked back over the road and uttered a grunt, and as we turned our heads we saw a strange figure half a mile away on the back of a galloping mule. Three or four minutes later it was near enough to be recognized as a woman, who was mounted man fashion on the animal. As she reached us she pulled the mule up with a "w-h-o-a, now!" and after getting her breath she asked of the driver: "Say, now, hev you got a passenger aboard named Hopeful Davis?"
"No such man, ma'am," replied the driver.

"Man with reddish hair, bow backed, squint to one eye, about 40 years old," she continued as she carefully eyed the three passengers on top of the coach.
"Haven't seen no such critter, ma'am. I take it that he was your husband?"
"You needn't take it that way exactly. He was along here about a month ago and asked me to marry him. I said I would, and he was to show up three days ago. I guess it's a case of flunk."
"I'm sorry for you, ma'am. When a woman has set her mind on it," she interrupted.
"Excuse me, ma'am, but I thought you said he was—"
"I said he was comin', but he hasn't showed up. I ain't breakin' my heart, however. Mebbe I'd hev married him and mebbe not. Don't you be quite so far ahead with your feelin's fur me. Any of you men on top want a wife?"
"All married men, ma'am," said the driver as we looked off over the prairie without a word in answer.

"I see. Well, that's all right. Think you'd know the critter I spoke of if you saw him?"
"I think I would, ma'am."
"Man with reddish hair, bow backed, squint to one eye, about 40 years old. I remember, too, that he got a squawk to me. If you see him, tell him that I'm goin' to wait till Saturday fur him. And if he don't show up thar'll be at least 14 men spoomin' around my dugout on Sunday, and before Monday none the Widdier Hardiman won't be a widdier no more."
M. QUAD.

A Tale of Two Marks.
PROF. SONDERSHAUSEN'S MUSIC TAUGHT IN ALL SCHOOLS. SONDERSHAUSEN'S MUSIC TAUGHT IN ALL SCHOOLS. SONDERSHAUSEN'S MUSIC TAUGHT IN ALL SCHOOLS.



Sondershausen—You see this little dent? Well, it was made by a team southard who had a stone over his head on earth and good will to men's playin' threowed.
Friends—And what is the other dent?
Sondershausen—Dat? Oh, dat is only very I haf dot feller on der head smacked.
—Pick Me Up.

CHICAGO SPECIAL.
One Night, Denver to Chicago.
The Burlington Route's famous train, the Chicago Special, will be restored Sunday, February 6th.

It will leave Denver at 10 a. m. (after arrival of the D. & R. G. train from the West) reaching Chicago at 2:15 p. m. next day—in ample time to connect with the fast afternoon trains for the East. Chicago will be reached in twenty-seven and a quarter and New York in fifty-four and a half hours after leaving Denver.

The "Chicago Special" is the only "one night on the road" train between Denver and Chicago—the only fast east-bound morning train out of Denver—the only Denver-Chicago train making close connections at Chicago with afternoon trains for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and all other eastern cities.

Its equipment consists of sleeping, reclining chair, dining and smoking cars. Menus are served on the European plan—you pay only for what you order.
The Chicago Special will be in addition to and in no way interfere with the Burlington's "Vestibule Flyer," which will continue to leave Denver at 9:30 p. m., reaching Omaha at 4 p. m. the next afternoon, and Chicago at 8:20 the following morning.
For tickets and full information call at office of connecting lines or write to G. W. Valley, general agent, 1039 17th St., Denver.

Notice for Publication.
[Homestead Entry No. 4064.]
LAND OFFICE, SANTA FE, N. M., January 10, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register or receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on February 15, 1898, viz: Andres Garcia, for the lots Nos. 2 and 3, and so on, sec. 9, tp. 15 n., r. 11 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Cruz Gurule, Tomas Gurule, Rafael Sandoval, Toribio Ansinias, of Glorieta, N. M. Manuel R. Otero, Register.

Notice for Publication.
[Homestead Entry No. 4850.]
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., January 14, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register or receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on February 26, 1898, viz: Gabriel Robal, for the ne. 1/4, sec. 9, tp. 16 n., r. 13 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Fells Robal, Perfecto Armiño, Jose E. Robal, Magdalena Ribera, of Rowe, N. M. MANUEL R. OTERO, Register.

Notice for Publication.
[Homestead Entry No. 4081.]
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., February 5, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on March 15, 1898, viz: Matias Portillo, for the w. 1/2, sec. 14, e. 1/4, sec. 34, tp. 16 n., r. 10 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Pedro Vigil, Monico Rivera, Toribio Vigil, Alvinio Abeytia, of Santa Fe, N. M. MANUEL R. OTERO, Register.

Notice for Publication.
[Homestead Entry No. 3894.]
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., February 12, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on March 21, 1898, viz: Donatiano Lavera, for the s. 1/2, sec. 14, e. 1/4, sec. 34, tp. 18 n., r. 13 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Desiderio Sanchez, Antonio Maria Sanchez, Juan H. Valdez, Cauto Valdez, all of Tierra Amarilla, N. M. MANUEL R. OTERO, Register.

Electric Light and Reclining Chair Cars.
On trains leaving Santa Fe daily, fast time and good service via the Santa Fe Route, Pullman tourist sleepers are running on these trains daily between Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles and San Francisco, weekly tourist service has been established via the Santa Fe Route, between Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Pa., St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and Los Angeles and San Francisco, through reservation on these weekly lines, for particulars in regard to tourist service call on or address any agent of the Santa Fe Route. H. S. LUTZ, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M.

W. J. BLACK, G. P. A., Topeka, Kas.

A. T. & S. F. TIME TABLE
(Effective January 17, 1898.)

Read Down.	East Bound.	Read Up.
No. 2, No. 22.	No. 17, No. 1.	No. 1, No. 17.
2:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:00 p. m.	2:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:00 p. m.	2:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:00 p. m.
2:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:15 p. m.	2:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:15 p. m.	2:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:15 p. m.
2:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:30 p. m.	2:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:30 p. m.	2:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:30 p. m.
3:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:45 p. m.	3:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:45 p. m.	3:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 5:45 p. m.
3:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:00 p. m.	3:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:00 p. m.	3:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:00 p. m.
3:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:15 p. m.	3:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:15 p. m.	3:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:15 p. m.
3:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:30 p. m.	3:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:30 p. m.	3:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:30 p. m.
4:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:45 p. m.	4:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:45 p. m.	4:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 6:45 p. m.
4:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:00 p. m.	4:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:00 p. m.	4:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:00 p. m.
4:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:15 p. m.	4:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:15 p. m.	4:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:15 p. m.
4:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:30 p. m.	4:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:30 p. m.	4:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:30 p. m.
5:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:45 p. m.	5:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:45 p. m.	5:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:45 p. m.
5:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:00 p. m.	5:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:00 p. m.	5:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:00 p. m.
5:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:15 p. m.	5:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:15 p. m.	5:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:15 p. m.
5:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:30 p. m.	5:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:30 p. m.	5:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:30 p. m.
6:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:45 p. m.	6:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:45 p. m.	6:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 8:45 p. m.
6:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:00 p. m.	6:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:00 p. m.	6:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:00 p. m.
6:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:15 p. m.	6:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:15 p. m.	6:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:15 p. m.
6:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:30 p. m.	6:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:30 p. m.	6:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:30 p. m.
7:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:45 p. m.	7:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:45 p. m.	7:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 9:45 p. m.
7:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:00 p. m.	7:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:00 p. m.	7:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:00 p. m.
7:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:15 p. m.	7:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:15 p. m.	7:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:15 p. m.
7:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:30 p. m.	7:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:30 p. m.	7:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:30 p. m.
8:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:45 p. m.	8:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:45 p. m.	8:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:45 p. m.
8:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:00 p. m.	8:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:00 p. m.	8:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:00 p. m.
8:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:15 p. m.	8:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:15 p. m.	8:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:15 p. m.
8:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:30 p. m.	8:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:30 p. m.	8:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:30 p. m.
9:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:45 p. m.	9:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:45 p. m.	9:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 11:45 p. m.
9:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:00 p. m.	9:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:00 p. m.	9:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:00 p. m.
9:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:15 p. m.	9:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:15 p. m.	9:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:15 p. m.
9:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:30 p. m.	9:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:30 p. m.	9:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:30 p. m.
10:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:45 p. m.	10:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:45 p. m.	10:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 12:45 p. m.
10:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:00 p. m.	10:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:00 p. m.	10:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:00 p. m.
10:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:15 p. m.	10:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:15 p. m.	10:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:15 p. m.
10:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:30 p. m.	10:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:30 p. m.	10:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:30 p. m.
11:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:45 p. m.	11:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:45 p. m.	11:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 1:45 p. m.
11:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:00 p. m.	11:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:00 p. m.	11:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:00 p. m.
11:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:15 p. m.	11:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:15 p. m.	11:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:15 p. m.
11:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:30 p. m.	11:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:30 p. m.	11:45 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:30 p. m.
12:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:45 p. m.	12:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:45 p. m.	12:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 2:45 p. m.
12:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 3:00 p. m.	12:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 3:00 p. m.	12:15 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 3:00 p. m.
12:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 3:15 p. m.	12:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. 3:15 p. m.	12: